

DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL

VOLUME LXI

Published Every Thursday
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1932

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 41

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature"

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1919

Without Ammunition

When watching the fathers on the bench at Santa Barbara I got to talking with a bronzed rancher from the Imperial Valley. I was surprised and much pleased to learn that I had met him before when I was in the Cocopah country in 1897. I knew him at that time as a cheerful, determined young cowboy who had come into Mexico from California to build up his health after a bad attack of influenza. He was camping alone and made a living trapping in the thickets and swamps of the Colorado River delta. He told me the following story about an adventure with a Mexican bandit:

I ran out of ammunition once when I was camped down below Punta Pinta on the Hardy Slough. I had sent in for some cartridges by an Indian about a month before and hadn't seen him nor hair of him since. I finally decided that I would go out and gather my traps and then head for the Yuma hardware store. Mind you, I didn't have one cartridge left.

I headed for my trap line bright and early the next morning. I was riding along across a big mesquite flat out in the Cocopah Bottoms when I heard a lot of cursing and splashing on ahead where the trail crossed an arm of the swamp. I rode up and found a big, tough-looking Mexican brutally abusing his horse. The poor brute was stuck in the mud, and the Mexican was crazy mad because it could not struggle out. The horse was a splendid black, as pretty an animal as I have ever seen.

I said that this fellow was tough-looking. But that doesn't describe him. His glinty slits of eyes made me think of a rattlesnake, and his aw, and the muscle bulging up all over him, made me think of a Gila monster. I suspected, from the amount of silver on his saddle and hat, that he was a bandit. So I did not want to have a thing to do with him, particularly as I was carrying an empty gun. However, the Cocopah country always had more than its share of those bad hombres, and so far I had never had trouble with any of them, although I treated them all like honest men. So, not having the heart to go off and leave that splendid black horse to be drowned in the mud, or to be mauled to death by that ruffian, I decided to take a chance.

"Wait a minute," I said. "Let that horse rest awhile, and I'll get him out for you."

I got off my horse and cut several big armloads of tules. The Mexican helped me, using a long, double-edged knife that cut like a razor. Then I tramped the tules in round and underneath the animal, so that he would have some footing. By the time we had got this done the horse was rested enough to struggle to good advantage and presently he came.

While working with the horse I had noticed that the Mexican didn't have a single cartridge in his belt, and that he was casting envious glances at my belt, which was well stocked with ammunition—that was, being filled with empty cartridges. I had picked up a lot of empty shells and placed them in my belt so as not to advertise the fact that I was roaming round that country with an empty gun. I figured now that the Mexican would want to buy or borrow a few cartridges, and that this would put me in an embarrassing position. So I decided to make a quick walk for my mount and say good-by from the saddle just the moment his horse was out of the mud.

But the big Mexican was too quick for me. Before I fully realized what was happening he had whipped out his knife and had stepped up close to me.

"I want your ammunition," he said in Spanish.

"Certainly," said I politely. I was scared stiff, and I guess I showed it. I made a feint to unbuckle my belt.

"Do you want the gun too?" I asked.

"Yes; I want your gun too," he said. "Don't move your hand toward it." Then he added, "I am Pedro Castro, from Sonora." And he showed his teeth like a dog. That was intended to throw a scare into me. And it did. Pedro Castro

had a record that would scare any one. Then, holding his knife at my chest, he reached out with his other hand and took my revolver.

Instantly I whirled and ran like a whitehead. I figured that he would try to shoot me, and that when he found the revolver was not loaded he would go after me with the knife.

That is exactly what happened. I don't know how long we ducked and dodged round in the mesquite thicket. I was lighter on my feet than the big Mexican, and that was all that saved me. I was as scared as a cottontail being run down by a coyote. I knew that I was puffing worse than he was, and that it would be only a matter of time until he would stick that knife into me.

So, all of a sudden, when I had a mesquite tree between him and me, I turned and scooted for my mount. I heard those big feet pounding the ground behind me, and I surely did do my best.

My horse was standing with the reins wrapped round the horn. He saw me coming and was rearing to go as I vaulted into the saddle.

The big Mexican, who was close behind, made a flying leap and grabbed at me. I was already loosening my reins from the saddle horn, and now, as my mount bounded forward, I kicked at Senor Castro, landing hard on his outstretched arm. Was there a mad Gila monster on the Cocopah Bottoms? Just judging from the way his face looked, I should say there was.

I took a quick look over my shoulder just before my mustang entered the thicket and saw the bandit making a dive for his mount. And the horse, evidently deathly afraid of him, let out a snort and shied away. I remembered then with great satisfaction that the Mexican had been in such a hurry to collect my ammunition before I could say good-by to him that he had neglected to make his horse fast. There was a twenty-foot horsehair rope trailing from the animal, but even at that I judged it would be a hard job to catch him.

But I didn't slow down any—don't think it. I knew that the bandit might be lucky enough to get his horse cornered up in some place where a pocket of land ran into the swamp. I knew only too well that the Mexican's black could run circles round my blocky buckskin. My mount was a class-A brush horse, and it kept me busy staying on him as he dodged in and out through the drooping branches of mesquite trees. I was just beginning to think I had made my escape when I heard the brush breaking behind me. It gave me a kind of sick feeling because I knew that big brute of a Mexican was coming on his fast black horse.

To tell the truth, I was scared half out of my boots at the thought of a fight with Castro. I should have been afraid of him even without his knife. There was something about that man that would scare anyone. Then, again, I was running away, and that makes anyone feel like a rabbit. From the way the brush was breaking behind I knew that the bandit was riding up on me as though I was standing still.

I was trying to screw up courage enough to stop and fight it out with Castro in the first opening that I came to, when I suddenly found myself riding into a trap that I couldn't possibly get out of. There are lots of those swamp pockets in the Cocopah Bottoms where a strip of land runs out into the tules. There is generally a feed trail running down the middle of them where hoofed animals have gone back and forth to graze on the green stuff along the edges. So now, when I saw the cat-tails banking up on both sides of me and caught the smell of the swamp mud, I knew what I was running into. Those swamps would bog a saddle blanket; so, as there was nothing else for it, I set my mount up in three hops and whirled him round.

I saw Pedro Castro coming on down the winding feed trail like a whirlwind. He was swinging down, now on this side, now on that, dodging the overhanging boughs. His powerful black horse was making the silt and the little limbs fly in every direction. When the big Mexican saw that I had pulled up he laughed and whipped out his

knife. I could see that he was in the same crazy, brutish rage as when I had found him mauling his helpless horse.

I have never been so scared in my life as I was at that moment—nor so fearless as I was the next. The change came like a lightning flash. Then all that rabbit feeling dropped behind me. It seemed as though I could see, hear and think twice as well as at any time before. I fully expected that the bandit would cut me to ribbons, but even that thought didn't have power to break my spell of fearlessness.

I instantly realized that I had a good, sturdy block of a horse under me, and that he was still going strong. I jumped my horse straight back down the trail toward Pedro. You see I had no intention of giving him the advantage that a man has when he rides down on a man who is standing still.

The moment I made that move the bandit knew what I was going to do—that is, he thought he knew. He thought I was still running away. He could see that I was cornered in the swamp pocket and doubtless figured that I was going to try to dodge past him on the narrow feed trail on which I had entered. That was the only way out, as the brush on both sides was too thick to ride through. So he now instinctively pulled his horse in, bringing him up standing out of a full run in a few terrific jolting hops.

The Mexican was now less than a hundred feet ahead of me. His horse was cavoring, and Castro, pretending that his mount could not be controlled, let him side well off the trail. I saw that he was purposely leaving the trail open so that I could go by. I knew how easily he could whirl his horse round the moment I had passed and, in a few bounds, be close beside me. And then the knife.

I kept my buckskin on a dead run until we came nearly abreast of the Mexican. Then, all of a sudden, I jerked his head clear over to the right toward the cavoring black horse. The next second *bang* we went into the big Mexican, and down we went all in a heap.

I flopped clear over and out of the tangle, landing on open ground. Looking round, I saw Castro's horse lying flat on his side. My mount was sprawling all over the black's hindquarters. The Mexican was out from under the pile except for one leg.

My horse picked himself up almost before I could scramble to my feet. I saw instantly that Castro was empty-handed; trying to save himself in the fall, he had lost his hold on the knife. I saw it and my revolver both lying on the ground. I went after them like a chicken picking up corn.

When I whirled on the bandit he was rising painfully to a sitting position. He sat there for a moment glaring at me like a trapped wolf. Then without my saying a word, he said, "I give up. I am killed."

Without taking any chance on Castro's suddenly grabbing me, I tied his hands behind him. He was unhurt except that one knee was so badly jammed that he could hardly move it.

The bandit offered me his horse, saddle, bridle and spurs, and two hundred dollars in gold if I would take him to the Indian rancheria and turn him loose. But I tied him securely to a mesquite tree and rode to the nearest camp of *rurales*. Two of them started off on my back trail to get the bandit—and I headed for Yuma. I didn't stop to eat or sleep until I reached the Yuma hardware store and had loaded up with ammunition.

Protestant-Episcopal Mission

Dioceses of Washington and the State of Virginia and West Virginia. Rev. H. Lorraine Tracy, General Missionary, 816 E. Street, N. E., Washington, D. C. Washington, D. C.—St. Mark's Church, A and 3d Streets, S. E. Services first and third Sundays, 3 p.m. Richmond, Va.—St. Andrew's Church, Laurel Sunday, 11 a.m., Bible Class, other Sundays, 11 a.m. Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church. Services fourth Sunday, 3 p.m. Norfolk, Danville, Roanoke, Newburg and Beverly Streets. Services Second and Third Sundays. Virginia: Lynchport News and Staunton; West Virginia: Charleston, Huntington, Romney.

St. Louis

One of the prettiest events of the fall season was the wedding on the 24th, of Miss Lillie Malavazos to Mr. Irwin Barth, that took place in Christ Church Cathedral, with the Rev. A. O. Steidemann officiating. The Cathedral was decorated with palms screening the chancel. The bride was attended by Miss Simonetes, her niece, as maid of honor; Miss Mildred Stiffer as bridesmaid, and Miss Audrey Steidemann as ring bearer, while Messrs. Joe Endrizzi and Bertrand Kei were best man and usher respectively.

The groom is the only son of Mrs. Emil Barth who, with the late Dr. Cloud, succeeded in getting a new building for the Gallaudet Day School for the Deaf, after he had been elected to the Board of Education of this city and of which board he is now president. The bride is a graduate of the Texas School, having come to this city several years ago.

The ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering of both deaf and hearing friends and relatives of the couple, and later in the evening the wedding was followed by a reception at the Barth homestead to which many were invited. The happy couple will make their home in this city, where the groom has employment, and their many friends wish them all possible happiness and success in their future life together.

A card and luncheon party, the proceeds of which went to the Christmas fund of St. Thomas Mission, was held on the 1st at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ifland and brought out a large crowd, to whom depression seemed to be a stranger. Mr. Harry Berwin had it in charge, and its success in both social and financial ways is due in great measure to his management of the affair. A nice sum was realized that will come in handy to give Christmas cheer to the children at the annual party of the Mission.

The thanks of all are due to Mr. Berwin and his committee who had the affair in charge for their work. Thirty-six prizes were given out to the winners of the various card games—a record in this locality. Sale of refreshments and other games helped to swell the total of receipts. The many friends of the Baynes regret that Mrs. Baynes has not yet recovered from the effects of her recent operation. It is hoped time will effect a complete recovery. The Baynes recently moved to a nice apartment.

The Brockmanns recently celebrated their twentieth wedding anniversary in a shower of china from close friends and relatives. Mr. Brockmann is known here as the fore-sighted man, as he gave up his trade of cigar making when that began to languish and led him how to paint, varnish and wall-paper. The result is now he is busy most of the time. They have a nice home near the outskirts of the city, to which to point with pride.

Miss Hattie Deem, one of the Gallaudet School staff, has decided to resign as teacher of the Sunday School of St. Thomas Mission, after a service of many years. The mission is deeply indebted to her for labors and regrets having her leave. The class of seventeen, now grown mature, will instead attend services, as almost all are confirmed. It was not possible, due to the oral teaching at the Gallaudet School, to get younger scholars to continue the class under another teacher, so the class has been held up for the present. The old class has been organized and will aid the Mission in its work hereafter. Its first work will be to manage the monthly social of the Mission that will be held on Friday, the 22d, at the Tuttle Memorial.

The Rev. Horace Waters and his family, of Detroit, were in this city for a few days recently, stopping with Steidemanns and seeing old friends. The latter also entertained the Yoders and family from Angola Indiana, former schoolmates of Mrs. Steidemann in Indiana, who came for a few days to enter in the fall festivities of this city. Mr. Yoder runs a prosperous shoe-repair shop in his home town that has not yet felt the depression enough to speak of.

Mr. Stephens of the Oklahoma School staff who has been visiting relatives here this summer, has been

forced to prolong his vacation, due to an operation for mastoids that did not heal on the schedule marked out for it. While detained here, his wife will sub for him at the school. Miss Yetta Baggerman of the same school was in St. Louis throughout the summer with her mother, having been a native here are starting to teach in the west.

Our Eightieth Anniversary

SERMON PREACHED AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH FOR DEAF-MUTES BY THE REV. GULBERT C. BRADDOCK, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1932.

Each October, on the first Sunday of the month, we mark off a year in the history of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. We have now reached the Eightieth Anniversary of our existence as a congregation—as a part of the Church Militant. It does not seem so very long since, in 1927, we celebrated our Diamond Jubilee. So swift is the flight of Time, and so gracious has God been in preserving our little church to His use, that only a score of uncertain years now remain between us and our Centennial. Not, however, that the number of years we can attain does matter at all beside the question of what we are doing with these years, or what good these years are to bring forth.

Those of you who are able to look back over the perspective of the greater part of the eighty years that have gone by, will no doubt realize that these years were entrusted by the Divine Power to various hands, like so many Talents; to be used wisely and thereby to be made memorable to us. Three or four generations of Churchmen and Churchwomen have guided the fortunes of St. Ann's since that first Sunday in October, 1852, when church services in the sign-language first came into being. In the hands of these generations was the fate of what the Founder called "our feeble venture of faith." If these first parishioners of St. Ann's Church had not sensed the seriousness of their enterprise, and its consecration as a work dedicated to God, this "feeble venture" would have failed after a few years of effort. Many a little church has been erected upon the sands of social expediency, only to be wrecked by the storms of human contentions. We of the present generation are accustomed to the orderly routine of parish work, and cannot imagine by half the trials and tribulations that attend the first years of a new church. We owe a debt of gratitude to the Founder and his little band of Christians who built St. Ann's Church upon the rock of faith in God and in the teachings of His Gospel.

In the first epistle to the Thessalonians there is a verse which expresses in beautiful words our feeling toward the first laborers in our portion of the Lord's vineyard: "We remember without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ." At all of our Anniversary Celebrations we will celebrate, not the empty glory of having so many years to our age as a congregation, but the faith and fortitude of our predecessors, who built such a lasting monument, such an imperishable beacon of influence as St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. Upon their tomb in the vast graveyard of Time we should carve these words of St. Paul to the Thessalonians:

Pre-eminent among these toilers of the past, stands the benevolent and self-sacrificing personality of Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., the Founder. He lives not only in our memories, but also in the pages of Church History; for it was he who brought into the fold of the Church those who were unable to hear; and it was he who secured recognition for the sign-language as a worthy medium of Divine worship for a special class of people.

Dr. Gallaudet was born in Hartford, Ct., on June 3d, 1822. His father was Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, pioneer educator of the deaf. One of his brothers was Edward Miner Gallaudet, founder of the national college for the deaf. A mighty trio these were: Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and his two sons. They were men not afraid to attempt what had never been done before. One opened the doors of Education that the deaf may enter; another unbolted the gates of Opportunity; and the third threw wide the portals of Religion. Together, they have released the soul and the spirit of the deaf man from the bondage of centuries. Of them we can say with the writer of the Book of Ecclesiastics: "Their bodies are buried in peace, but their name liveth forevermore."

Thomas Gallaudet spent most of his childhood years in the environment of the American Institution for the Deaf, where his father was Principal. The sign-language was as natural to him as speech. He graduated from Trinity College at the age of twenty.

He taught in public school for a year, then accepted a position as instructor in the New York Institution for the Deaf, under Dr. Harvey P. Peet, the Principal. During his spare time, he studied for holy orders; and in 1850 he was ordained deacon, and in 1851 priest, in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He had for some time been impressed with the necessity of doing something to promote the spiritual welfare of deaf-mutes after they had left the Institution and entered upon the battle of life. He had started a Bible Class for the deaf in one of the downtown churches; and in 1852 he organized this gathering into a parish, giving it the name of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. After several temporary locations, the congregation took root in a building of its own on 18th Street near Fifth Avenue, in 1859. When this structure was torn down, in 1897, St. Ann's Church moved to its present location on West 148th Street. Dr. Gallaudet died in 1903, after having seen his work expand into a series of widespread

Missions to the Deaf in other parts of the United States.

History has left to us only the record of Dr. Gallaudet's successes. To the trained imagination must be left the story of the hardships, trials, and discouragements which he had to face after he left, in 1858, the shelter of his position in the New York Institution for the Deaf in order to devote all of his time to the establishment of his church. There were funds to be raised for a congregation that was small and far from wealthy; and perhaps sectarian prejudices to be reconciled. To school and college the deaf could be sent by their parents, but to church they must come willingly. Any one who is cognizant of the difficulties which attended the first attempts of the English Church to use English instead of Latin in the Mass, will appreciate that it must have been a great task to secure for the sign-language official recognition as a medium of religious ministrations. There was also the fight to obtain the ordination of deaf men to the priesthood, in which Dr. Gallaudet and the renowned Henry Winter Syle came out victorious. To have done all this, and founded a church which not only became the pattern for others throughout the country, but also was so well established that it has endured for eighty years; these were indeed marvelous accomplishments. It brings to the mind nothing so much as the picture of Saint Paul building congregations in the hostile or unempathetic cities of Asia Minor and Greece.

"We remember without ceasing your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ." St. Paul praised the men of one of his missions in these immortal words, which have become his own praise. They are also applicable, as a wreath of laurel on the brow, to Thomas Gallaudet, the Apostle to the Deaf. His was a work of great faith in God, of faith in the power of the Gospel to benefit the deaf. His was a labour of love, for his own mother was deaf, and he married a deaf woman, and he had grown up with deaf children. His was the patience born of hope in the Lord, for only a God-given patience could overcome the difficulties which delayed his mission of kindness to an afflicted people.

Another name shines bright in the history of the eighty years of St. Ann's Parish: the name of Virginia Butler Gallaudet, daughter of the Founder. From the day of his departure into Eternal Rest, until the day in 1930, when she, too, went to join him, Miss Gallaudet was the guiding star of St. Ann's Church; taking the place of her distinguished father as general manager of the Mission and as the connecting link between the deaf and the hearing public. This Sunday is a double Anniversary; it is not only the first Sunday in October, anniversary in the ecclesiastical calendar of the founding of St. Ann's Church, but also it is October 2d, the birthday anniversary of the late Miss Gallaudet. We hope, before a year has passed, that we will have completed the Virginia B. Gallaudet Memorial Fund, which will make possible the erection of a beautiful Reredos in our church, which will be a perpetual memory to the large part which she has played in the fortunes of St. Ann's Church.

A famous historian, Lord Morley, once said: "Every man of us has all the centuries in him." We may have forgotten our centuries, but the eighty years of our church live in us in the form of reminiscence, tradition, record, example and inspiration. The mighty cycle of Time has left us a golden heritage of years, though in the actual presence of the friends that did so much for us. The eighty years of history which they made for us are the foundation for our own efforts, the ground which we have cleared for us. With God's help, let us continue St. Ann's Church into the approaching years with the same high purpose in mind as those who worked before us.

Social Life of the Deaf

It is true that a deaf person is handicapped on account of his loss of hearing, and that he does not have many real advantages that a hearing person has, being cut off from many of the joys of life. In fact, the deaf lose the pleasure of hearing music, songs, talkies, radio and spoken lectures, speeches and sermons. They miss silent pictures.

A life devoid of sound is burdened with a handicap, but it is no worse than the loss of any other of the five senses. Deafness implies no mental or social inferiority, though, like almost every other physical disability, it may make life, at times, fearfully hard.

Although one is without hearing, nature has conferred upon him such powers and faculties as will enable him to follow various branches of industry, and that is his consolation. Whether the deaf are happy or unhappy depends upon themselves. The same applies to those who hear.

In the world people mingle freely in business as well as in social life. They seek people of their own social condition, their own churches, fraternal orders, clubs and even nationality.

In large cities, the deaf have their own church services, regular Sunday schools, clubs, fraternities, socials, dances and numerous other entertainments, which help to make life gay and worth living. The deaf in small towns and the country have no such privileges.

Certainly the deaf need social life of the right kind and not only should not shun social intercourse with hearing people, but should keep versed in world events as well as in local occurrences.

As a rule the deaf prefer to associate with their own "silent brethren," rather than the hearing, and enjoy their society. It stands to reason that it is natural for the deaf have the same fellow-feeling and sympathy for one another and the same interests in general.

Many hearing people being busy with their own affairs or engaged in pursuits of pleasure, nowadays do not seem to be interested in the deaf. Those who do not understand the deaf, are often at a loss to know how to entertain them.

Nothing pleases a deaf person more than to meet a hearing person who can converse with him through the use of finger spelling. The deaf should teach their hearing relatives and friends how to use the manual alphabet.

Both deaf persons and hearing persons can participate in all outdoor sports and pleasures.

The deaf when possessing the usual social accomplishment of dancing, and a knowledge of cards, and of good social usage, idiomatic phrases, English proverbs and jokes, get along very nicely in the society of the hearing. Deaf men and women are often very popular at social functions. The deaf drive automobiles as safely and carefully as anybody. They can not use their ears, but they use their eyes, their sight, to guide them. They get a great deal of pleasure from the automobile.

There is no denying the fact that many deaf persons are very lonesome and long for company. They feel isolated at parties or socials and are left alone when hearing persons go away for pleasure.

Deprived of their communication with their deaf friends and the benefit of religious services conducted in the sign language, the aged, helpless and homeless deaf persons are lonesome and unhappy in county homes or poor houses.

There are deaf girls who want to work in shops and factories, but their families consider it "beneath" them. Their lives have been spoiled by such interference—that's wrong, so far as their happiness is concerned. It is necessary for every boy and girl to work, for work is good for them. Any kind of work is so much better than idleness. Work is conducive to health and happiness. Idleness breeds disease, discontent and mischief in every walk of life.

A lonely deaf person in the country oftentimes loses ambition and lives from day to day without any particular aim in life. He is apt to degenerate intellectually, knowing or caring about little else than to live upon his farm products. A person of this character should go to the city to get work suited to his particular ability, and he should enjoy good society.

What the deaf need most is to get out into the world and see and be seen. Coming in contact with the people of a large city and being broad-minded and active will do them good. And best of all, churches where progressive and intelligent deaf preachers are employed, and the various organizations for the betterment and uplifting of the deaf have a great hold upon them.

There is another matter which the deaf should remember, and that is that every deaf man or woman should have some occupation and, when engaged in said occupation, he or she should at all times and under all circumstances practice good manners. Good manners are an asset in business as well as in social life.

I do not mean to say that the deaf, as a class, are isolated and unhappy, but I will say that I do know a number of deaf persons myself who are that way. There are a great many deaf persons who are jolly, lively and happy.

ROBERT C. MILLER.

Shelby, N. C.

"No, I can't give you an appointment this afternoon; I have eighteen cavities to fill," said the dentist as he turned from the telephone and picked up his golf clubs.

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 13, 1932

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor
WILLIAM A. RENNERT, Assistant Editor

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 163d Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M. New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Signs and the Sign-Language

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Rome, Italy, that was printed in one of the New York daily newspapers—and probably in others—there is to be a sign-language employed for the direction of bewildered tourists who fail to grasp the vernacular of that country. Up to the present time it is quite crude and meagre. But no doubt it will be developed to meet every emergency before very long. At present the signs are mostly in the line of pictures, though lucid gestures are not wanting when the outline drawings are insufficient. When a tourist is in search of the "lost and found" department he is guided by a crossed cane and umbrella. The baggage room is denoted by a closed trunk, but an open trunk points out the customs examination room. A suit case indicates the check room, a bench the waiting room, a crossed fork and spoon the lunch room, and a stamped envelope the postoffice. All these "fingerposts" would interpret information clearly to a deaf tourist, if they were at all necessary. But a deaf tourist would get along understandingly without pictured signs. The Italians are wont to make vivid gesticulations where their language is found insufficient. In fact most of them gesticulate while speaking, and almost any deaf person will catch their meaning. This is not an imaginary statement, but is vouched for by the experience of the JOURNAL editor and others. In fact, foreign travel is easy for the deaf man, who understands the language of gestures. As a popular song has said: "Every little motion has a meaning of its own." And this deaf man need not be an American, for the deaf of every nation on earth can do likewise. This has often been proven at World's Congresses of the deaf. At Paris, the year 1912, there was held a congress of the deaf at the famous Sorbonne. In attendance were delegates from every European nation as well as the United States. Prepared addresses were made, and lengthy papers relating to the social, industrial, business welfare of the deaf, and also on their legal rights and privileges, delivered from the platform, were easily understood by all the educated deaf people present—and there were between and four hundred.

Interpreters are necessary only when hearing men are making speeches, and the signs interpreting such speakers are as comprehensive to a deaf assemblage as the spoken language is to the listening ear. The sign-language of the deaf is a wonderful language. It fills the mind with ideas, quickens the comprehension and stimulates the brain; and is worthy of earnest study by all educators.

THIS WEEK having a public holiday (Columbus Day, Wednesday October 12th), it has become imperative to postpone the publication of a small part of the regular news. This omission will be made up next week. Wednesday is our regular mailing day at the postoffice, therefore an earlier hour of delivery is required.

Silent Missionaries

It seems that labors of all missionaries other than those to the deaf have some local boundary. The Philippines are but a few islands; Jamaica is a solitary jewel in the Caribbean; China though a large vineyard, is concentrated within one Great Wall; India, Alaska, Japan—elsewhere, definite field of operation, but the apostles of the deaf, like helpers of the poor, must be everywhere.

In the United States alone there are well over a hundred thousand deaf-mutes, and these are, for the most part, scattered to such an extent that any kind of organization among them is extremely difficult. A large percentage of this number are Catholics, and since ordinary methods will not suffice, recourse must be had to the sign-language in ministering to them. Their spiritual care, not the least item of which is their preservation in the Faith, is really a puzzling ecclesiastical problem, which so far has been only half-answered.

Here are the facts. More than fifteen thousand of the adult deaf in our country are baptized Catholics. Some two-thirds of these—would that we could deny it!—have been lost to the Faith; many of the rest are so weakened in their religion that they too are on the verge of falling away.

The main reasons for this shameful condition are reducible to three: the difficulties in their way to a Catholic education; failure to receive the proper religious care and instruction; and active non-Catholic workers for the deaf. But we are more concerned here with what is being done to remedy such a state of affairs.

There are various Orders of priests engaged in the work, besides the secular clergy—and the Society of Jesus in this field, which this article endeavors to describe, is but an instance of what is being done by others.

The main labors of the Jesuits are in the larger cities, especially east of the Mississippi; in such places, direct pastoral care is possible through deaf-mute mission centers, organized and directed by one or more priests. Such is the work being done, for instance, in New York by Father Michael A. Purtell, S.J., in Brooklyn by Father Francis Howle, S.J., in Cincinnati by Father Ferdinand Moeller, S.J., in Toledo by Father Francis Seeker, S.J., until recently in Chicago by Father Joseph O'Brien, S.J., and in St. Louis by Father Charles Hoffman, S.J.

These are at once the outposts and strongholds of Catholic Deaf-Mutism in America, and the pastors in charge can well be called "Silent Missionaries." Some of the Deaf-Mute Centers are landmarks in the respective cities—the one in New York recently celebrated its fiftieth anniversary—and the good they have done is inestimable.

Nor are the labors of these pastors confined to their immediate charges. Distance means little when it comes to a question of conducting missions for the deaf in other sections. Father Purtell, for instance, has been all up and down the Atlantic seaboard, visiting Baltimore and Boston, Poughkeepsie and Philadelphia—a silent apostle, but preaching the word of God in signs with all the eloquence of a great apostolic heart.

But what will become of this great work in the future, when other hands must take it up? Thank God, the future looks bright indeed. At the Jesuit seminaries of St. Andrew-on-Hudson, N. Y., Woodstock, Md., and Weston, Mass., a number of youthful seminarians have been brought to realize the pitiful conditions of the Catholic deaf, and the need for future workers among them, and at the present time classes in the sign-language are functioning regularly in all three houses, with well over eighty enthusiastic "dactylogists" getting their fingers attuned to the intricate movements of manual conversation.

This work has been progressing now for almost two years. It began at St. Andrew-on-Hudson on Thanksgiving Day, 1930, when the first class was started under the direction of Brother Paul A. Rose-necker, S.J., whose zeal and enthusiasm for the cause has been unbounded. The work soon spread to Woodstock and Weston with the departure thither of members of the sign-language class for philosophy.

It was not long thereafter—in November, 1931—that the St. Andrew contingent organized a Center for the deaf in Poughkeepsie, till then the undisputed field of Protestant workers for the deaf, and now the nucleus of a large gathering is well-established. A month or so later, the Weston "signers" were requested by the present pastor of the deaf in Boston to assist him with their knowledge of the sign-language. Since then, they have been conducting the regular monthly services at Boston College High School with considerable success, and prospects are bright for the coming year.

Since the Jesuit seminarians began their work, similar groups have been organized in other seminaries. Sign-language classes are now in progress at such promising places as the Redemptorist House of Studies at Esopus, N. Y., and the diocesan seminary in St. Paul, Minn. The work is spreading—because the need

for workers is becoming more clearly realized by those who can help. It is a work no less apostolic.—Paul A. Newland, S.J., in *The Jesuit Monthly*.

OHIO

News items for this column can be sent to Miss B. Edgar, 56 Latta Ave., Columbus, O.

The Ohio School began its work October 3d and every one seemed glad to get back into harness after the extra long vacation. The attendance appears to be larger than in former years—some few coming from day schools to finish their education in a combined school—a thing I believe they will never regret.

Many of the teachers have capacity classes. The pupils are delighted with the changes that have been made insuring them of greater safety.

The new principal, Mr. R. Nilson, is much liked by all and is taking hold like an experienced hand. The Ohio State Journal of October 5th contained a good likeness of Mr. Nilson and the following about him:

After a two-year vacancy, the principalship of the academic department of the Ohio State School for the Deaf has been given to Superintendent Edward R. Abernathy to Roy F. Nilson, who accepted his new job October 1st.

He came from the Deaf and Blind School at Tucson, Ariz., where he was superintendent, and previously he was principal at Colorado Springs, Col.

The principal's post has been vacant since the death of Dr. John W. Jones, former superintendent, in an auto accident at Hayes, Kan., two years ago.

Abernathy, then a principal for six years, succeeded Dr. Jones. Since then he has administered both positions. Nilson lives at 580 E. Town Street, is married and has one daughter, Patricia, sixteen months old.

Mr. and Mrs. Abernathy had a reception in the afternoon of October 3rd, in the domestic science room, so all could meet Mr. and Mrs. Nilson, Mrs. Hutchinson, our new supervisor of the shops, and the new florist with his wife. After greetings and introductions, light refreshments were served by some of the older girls under the supervision of their teacher, Miss Hoover. Coming out, some one remarked that it looked like the school has new and younger folks.

Mr. A. B. Greener was on hand to greet the new officers.

This was the first school opening in fifty years that Miss Caroline Feasely, who died last June, was not on hand. Only one new instructor was appointed for this year. She is Miss L. MacDonald, who took training at our school last year and succeeds Miss Feasely.

When former pupils come to visit us, they will be apt to get lost looking for their old dormitories, as the old stairways have disappeared.

For, for these many years, Miss Kathryn Buster, our teacher of sewing and Gallaudet graduate, has longed to do some unusual traveling, and in order to cure her "travel itch" this summer she accompanied her mother, sister, brother-in-law and a niece, on a three weeks motor trip to New Mexico, by way of Colorado and back to Kansas City, via Juarez, Mexico, Texas and Oklahoma. They spent much time looking for cactus plants and when they arrived home they were well loaded with many varieties of cacti for their rock and cactus gardens, and then the taking care of these added to her pleasures for her vacation.

Besides gathering cacti, they went camera hunting and brought back fine views of mountains, deserts, Indians, Mexicans, abodes and ranches. Miss Buster is looking much better after her experience, with her hair a finer red than ever.

Mr. Fred Moore has been seen with his sleeves rolled up, apparently taking his new work, as associate editor of the *Ohio Chronicle*, quite seriously.

We wonder if the higher rate of postage is keeping news from coming in now. If so, remember a postal card still costs only one cent, and much can be written on one card.

All Souls' Church for the Deaf
(Protestant Episcopal)
3220 North Sixteenth Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Rev. Warren M. Smaltz, M.A., S.T.B.,
Rector, James H. Richards, Lay-Reader.

SCHEDULE OF SERVICES
During July, August and September—
Sundays, Morning Prayer, at 10:00 A.M.
Third Sunday of each month, Holy Communion, at 10:00 A.M.
From October to June inclusive—Sundays,
Evening Prayer and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.
Second Sunday, Litany and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.
Third Sunday, Holy Communion and sermon, at 3:00 P.M.
Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday, at 4:15 P.M.
Calfers are welcome during office hours on Thursday afternoons from 1:30 P.M. to 4:00 P.M., and evenings from 8:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M.
On other days by appointment at the Rectory, 3220 North Sixteenth Street.

St. Thomas' Mission for the Deaf
Bohlinger Memorial Chapel, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Rev. A. O. Steidemann, minister in charge.
Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School teacher.
Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, Second Thursdays, 2 P.M.
Lectures, first and third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 7:30 P.M.
Guild meetings, lectures and socials in the Tuttle Memorial, 1210 Locust Street.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

H. A. D.

Services for the Day of Atonement, the most impressive in the Jewish calendar, were fittingly observed by the Hebrew Association of the Deaf at Temple Emanu-El on Sunday evening, October 9th, and Monday, October 10th. They were led by Mr. Meyer Lief, assisted in part by Nat Schwartz. The choir comprised Mrs. William Krieger, Mrs. A. A. Cohen and Miss Katie Ross, as well as the choir from the Fanwood Religious Class (Sylvia Auerbach, Ethel Koplowitz, Fannie Forman, Helen Rosen, and Roselle and Nettie Weiner).

During the morning, Mr. Marcus L. Kenner spoke on "What Does Life Mean to You?" exemplifying the value of proper mental attitude, while Mrs. Tanya Nash, widow of Rabbi Nash, speaking in the afternoon, took as her subject: "Immortality." Incidentally, this was her first pulpit rendition in the sign-language, and she made quite a deep impression on the minds of those present.

The regular Friday Evening Forum will resume this Friday evening, October 14th, at 8:30 P.M., at 210 West 91st Street. All are welcome.

A business meeting will be held this Sunday afternoon, October 16th, at 2:30 P.M. During the evening of the same day, at 8:30, a fine movie show will be shown. A very small fee will be charged at the door. Members and friends are asked to come.

On the 17th, of September, 1932, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Metzger in Brooklyn, N. Y., was celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. George St. Clair.

The reason the celebration was held at the Metzgers is because it was a surprise as well as a celebration. The affair was engineered by Mesdames L. M. Metzger and L. Timmer.

The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldberg, Mr. and Mrs. L. Timmer, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hines, Mr. and Mrs. Herring, Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Metzger, Mrs. Solomon, Mrs. Eisenberg, Misses A. Eisenberg, Mrs. Jaffe, Mr. and Mrs. H. Shapiro, Mrs. R. Schomer, Mr. W. Siebel, Mrs. Toohy, Mr. and Mrs. Taube, Mr. H. Thies and Mr. and Mrs. S. Patcher.

The game of "500" was played by those who know how to play, and others whiled away the time in conversation.

At about midnight a substantial supper was served, and afterwards speeches were made.

The surprise of the evening was when an electric beater and an electric clock were presented to the couple. Although Mrs. St. Clair was on the committee to spring the surprise on her spouse, she was not aware of these very highly valued presents, and like her husband she could hardly express her thanks.

The party, which was splendidly arranged, and carried out, through the labors of Mrs. Metzger much the praise is her.

The Fanwood Alumni Association held its regular quarterly meeting in the Girls' Study room at the Fanwood school, on Saturday evening.

After the meeting, the members had the opportunity of meeting in school's new principal, Mr. Victor Skyberg. Some knew him when he was here as a teacher, but most had never met him, and were introduced to him by Mr. William H. Rose, the president of the association.

The treasurer of the association, Miss Myra L. Barrager, reported that increases had been made both in the association and scholarship fund.

The next meeting will be held on the second Saturday in January, when the several committees now at work will submit their reports.

After the meeting of the managers at St. Ann's Church on Tuesday evening, October 4th, all went to the Vica's apartments, wherein a reception was given to Mr. and Mrs. Osborne and their daughter, of Akron, O. Ice-cream and cake and social conversation made the time pass rapidly and it was near midnight when the guests bade good night and "thank you for a lovely evening" to Rev. and Mrs. Braddock.

The Manhattan Division, No. 87, N. F. S. D., held their regular monthly business meeting in the "Union League Hall," on Wednesday evening, October 5th, with a fairly good attendance. The Division is looking forward for prosperity the coming year.

The Movies scheduled for October 15th have been postponed to October 22d. Films of the outing of the Fanwood Alumni to Indian Point and Men's Club to Rye Beach will be shown, in addition to a feature and comedy films.

Charles H. Wiemuth, has returned from his trip to Hawaii and has reached Vancouver, British Columbia, from whence he will travel eastward, stopping at various places on the way. He does not expect to reach New York until the first of November.

A post card located Mr. W. W. W. Thomas in Charleston, South Carolina on October 4th. He has been away on a vacation for about three weeks.

Miss Elizabeth E. McLeod was operated on for mastoiditis at the Manhattan Hospital on East 64th Street last Wednesday. Occupying the next room to her was Miss Dot Havens, who had to undergo a ticklish operation for some nasal disturbance. Both cheerful patients were pleasantly remembered by their Hispanic Museum staff, and are doing nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Kisberg, of Brooklyn, celebrated their silver wedding anniversary on Wednesday, October 12th, while their daughter, Jocelyn, celebrated her twenty-first birthday on the same day.

Otto Mangrum, of Ocean Grove, N.J., attended the opening baseball game of the World Series in the Yankee stadium recently. He was formerly an all-round athlete at the Virginia School at Staunton, Va., and once had a tryout with the Greenville (S.C.) baseball club of the Southern Association league in 1928.

The Pouch

By Hugh F. Grinstead

The rising sun was just touching the tops of the trees on the ridge behind Dan Thorpe when he turned for a last look toward home before plunging into the thick growth that bordered the trail leading to the river.

In all the sixteen years of his life he had never been intrusted with any other mission half so important as the one on which he was just setting out. His elation was, however, counterbalanced by a strong sense of responsibility.

As he stepped resolutely along the path that crossed two miles of bottom land before it reached the river, his hand in his trousers' pocket clutched a little buckskin pouch that contained seven small, hard objects like smooth pebbles. The largest of them was barely the size of a pea, but they were worth more than their weight in gold, as much indeed as the little hill farm on which he had grown up, and which his father owned.

On this day when it was so important that some one make the eight-mile trip to Grafton to see the traveling buyer of fresh-water pearls, the elder Thorpe had been too sick to go. He had hesitated to put so much responsibility on his young son, but the traveling buyer would pay more than the local buyers offered, and, after all, there seemed no good reason why Dan should not be intrusted with two thousand dollars' worth of pearls.

The Thorpes, father and son, were known as the best pearl fishermen on the St. Francis River. When they were not occupied with their hill farm, they were out in their boat, dredging for mussels; Dan knew the different varieties by sight, and could quickly distinguish between the "banana," the "niggerhead," the "maple leaf," the "monkey face," and other forms. Not every mussel contained a pearl by any means, but most of the shells had some value and could be sold to the button factory.

Dan and his father had been unusually fortunate the past few months, for one of the pearls in the little pouch had a color and a lustre that would give it a place among the best of its kind. Many persons who had seen it considered it as almost equal to one that had been found in White River, and that had sold for a thousand dollars. In the isolated community, Dan had had little opportunity to go to school, but if the pearls sold well, he would attend high school in town the following winter.

The path he was following ended at the river; there he would get into his boat, row three miles downstream and across a lake that was half swamp, to the road on the other side.

A walk of two miles would then take him to Grafton. The route was much shorter than the wagon road, which crossed the river at the bridge farther down; and, since the roads were heavy from recent rains, he could make better time walking and rowing than he could in the old cart or on horseback.

Perhaps halfway between the Thorpe house and the river the path crossed a shallow ravine, and there in the damp sand, Dan saw the fresh imprint of heavy boots. He halted and scrutinized the tracks; he thought he recognized them as the prints of Mose Hopper's old run-down boots.

Mose was the last person he cared to meet just then. For a few weeks he had fished for mussels with the Thorpes, but becoming weary of steady work, had quit. A month afterward Dan and his father had found the big pearl, and Mose had claimed an interest in it, although the brief partnership had terminated when he left them. His reputation for honesty was by no means enviable, and Dan feared the consequences of meeting him.

But the boy saw no further signs of his undesirable acquaintance, and, reaching the river, he unfastened his flat-bottomed boat from the stump where it was moored. As he prepared to step into the boat, he heard

a noise behind him, and, turning quickly, saw two men emerging from the thick bushes barely a rod from the river bank. At the first glance he recognized the bulky form of Mose Hopper. The other man was smaller than Mose. A red, curly beard covered his almost colorless face. He looked as if he had not seen sunlight for several months.

"Just in time, ain't we?" Hopper exclaimed as he came forward. "Reck on you'll be plumb tickled to have comp'ny if you're going down to Grafton, like I figure you are. Me and my pardner here are headed that way, an' we'll just go along."

Without waiting for an invitation, he stepped over the side of the boat and took his place in the stern. His companion seated himself in the bow. Dan knew that the men had not merely "happened along;" they had been ahead of him, and they kept hidden until he was ready to shove off. The knowledge disturbed him, and he involuntarily thrust his hand into his trousers' pocket that held the little buckskin pouch with the seven pearls. At that a cunning grin overspread Mose Hopper's face.

Much as Dan desired to be rid of his unwelcome companions, he could think of no excuse for refusing to let them go with him; nor could he, without exciting suspicion, well turn back and leave them with the boat. Muttering something about being in a hurry, he took his place in the middle and slipped the oars into the locks.

"Oh, we won't hinder you none," Hopper assured him, and, picking up the short paddle, began to use it in a way that sent the boat toward the middle of the river. "Wouldn't surprise me if we was to help you out a bit."

There followed half an hour of silence, uninterrupted except by an occasional word between Hopper and his friend. Propelled by the steady pull of the oars and the deft push of the paddle at the stern, the boat made rapid progress downstream. Dan was beginning to feel much easier, for although the two men watched his every movement, they seemed to have no intention of robbing him.

It was after they had left the channel of the river and had entered the narrow, swampy lake reaching back into the cypress forest that Dan suddenly lost confidence in his companions. He was pulling for the open water near the middle of the shallow lake when he discovered that Hopper was steering the boat sharply to the left.

"I want to go up the long arm of the lake and land where the road comes down to the bayou," said Dan, astonished that Hopper should be so ignorant of the best way to the Grafton road.

"Well, we don't want to go that way," Hopper replied with a scowl. "Suits us better to go through the swamp and land up close to the railroad track; bein' passengers, I reckon we have a right to say where we'll get off. Ain't that so, Wilkins?"

His companion in the bow nodded. "Guess it is, and I'm ready to back it up."

"But it's farther," Dan began, "and—"

"Don't let that trouble you none, sonny," Mose Hopper interrupted him. "You been feelin' too uppity about them pearls you and your dad found, but I reckon you might get some of that feelin' took out'n you. Maybe you won't be in no hurry to get to Grafton anyway, unless I made a bad guess."

Dan knew now why the rascals had not attacked him at the river bank; it was too near home, and there was a chance of their being interrupted. They were taking him to a place where they could safely rob him of the coveted pearls; they would leave him tied up, and no one would find him until they were well out of the country.

Although Dan continued to row, he allowed Hopper to steer the boat in whatever direction he wished; knowing that it would be useless to argue the question, he appeared to acquiesce willingly to the change of route. His chief concern was for the pearls. He didn't think the rogues would harm him more than necessary in order to get them and make their escape. If he could only hide them somewhere!

He had already noticed that the steady gaze of the men in the boat never left him. There was absolutely no chance to conceal his treasure unless he could manage to get out of sight of both of them.

Hopper steered the boat beneath the overhanging boughs of cypress trees, and presently entered an arm of the lake where the water gradually deepened again.

Dan was rowing half-heartedly; his mind was on the seven shining pearls in his pocket. He wished they were somewhere else. Cudgeling his brain for some plan for hiding them, he kept his eyes fixed on the dark waters of the swamp with its little islands of floating moss. Suddenly he glanced at Hopper. Nothing in the man's demeanor indicated that he was suspicious.

After a few more strokes, Dan suddenly let go his oars and allowed them to trail in the water, while he rapidly rubbed his left hand over the muscles

of his right arm. "Ugh, cramped!" he exclaimed, continuing to rub. The boat almost stopped.

Hopper nodded to the man in the bow. "Better take the kid's place, Wilkins, an' let him rest up a bit. We've got to be gettin' on."

The boat was scarcely moving when Dan stood up and took an unsteady step toward the bow, from which the man named Wilkins had already risen. A step more and they would meet and pass—a feat not at all difficult in a flat-bottomed boat. Dan took the step, appeared to catch his toe in the planking of the bottom, wavered for a moment, and then plunged over the side headlong!

He was barely under the water before he reached into his pocket and took out the little pouch that contained the pearls. He took two or three strokes, and presently his head bumped against the bottom of the boat.

He had often held his breath for almost a minute while under water; he hoped to do what he had to do in less time than that.

Dan knew every foot of the little boat, inside and out. Just the week before, he had nailed a new keel-piece on the bottom for a part of the way. Near the stern, where the new piece overlapped the old, there was a split end that could do no harm except catch a little moss when some one was rowing backward.

Holding the pouch tight between his teeth, he felt along the bottom of the boat, pulling himself toward the stern. In a moment his hands touched the place where the new piece of lumber ended. Quickly taking the pouch in his hand, he pushed a thin fold of it under the end of the splintered board. He tested it and found that it held. Then kicking out vigorously, he cleared the boat and popped to the surface. He had been under water less than thirty seconds, but he had worked hard, and he gasped eagerly for breath as he came to the surface.

Hopper caught him and pulled him into the boat. "Tryin' to drown yourself?" the man asked sourly. "Thought you was drowned, you stayed under so long. I'd sure hate for you to drown just yet."

"I—I came up under the boat," Dan stammered in explanation.

The men made a coarse jest at the plight of the boy, who lay dripping wet in the bottom of the boat. Dan was elated; obviously he regarded his plunge overboard as an accident.

Ten minutes later Hopper drove the bow of the boat against the muddy shore. "Now, kid, we want to look at them pearls," he said when the three were on dry land.

"But I haven't and pearls!" Dan declared.

"Oh, come across!" Hopper cried impatiently. "We ain't a-goin' to hurt you if you give 'em up."

Dan held up his arms and invited them to search him, knowing that they would do it sooner or later. They went over every inch of his coat, his shirt and his trousers; they even turned his pockets inside out and ripped open some of the seams. That done, they made him pull off his shoes. Even then they hesitated and looked all around the boat.

"This is one time I missed my guess, I reckon," Mose Hopper finally admitted. "But I thought sure I saw your old man hand you them pearls this mornin' whilst I was a-lookin' through the window. What you goin' to town for anyway, if you didn't take the pearls?" he suddenly asked.

"To get some medicine for my father," Dan replied truthfully, for his father had told him to buy a box of quinine tablets after he had sold the pearls.

"Well, get along then; I ain't hinderin' you!" Hopper exclaimed surlily. "I was leavin' the country anyway an' thought I'd like to have a look after them pearls before I went, but as you ain't got 'em—" He broke off in the midst of his lame explanation and, nodding to his companion to follow him, set off through the woods toward the railway.

Fearing trickery, Dan followed the two, keeping them in sight until they had climbed upon the railway grade and started off in a direction that led from Grafton. Then he hurried back to the boat, recovered the pouch of pearls, and rowed back to the main body of the lake and on to the landing by the road.

It was a wet and bedraggled boy that made his way up the street and to the bank, where the pearl buyer was to be found. And it was a very proud boy that a few hours later deposited twenty-two hundred dollars in the bank to the credit of his father.

St. Matthew's Lutheran Mission for the Deaf

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor

192 Hewes Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Services for the deaf in sign-language every Sunday afternoon in the church, 177 South 9th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., at 3 P.M. The church is located near the Plaza of the Williamsburg bridge on South 9th Street between Driggs Avenue and Roebling Street. Marcy Avenue is the nearest station on the Broadway Elevated.

Sunday School for the Deaf and Instruction for adults in St. Matthew's Lutheran Parish House, at 145th and Convent Avenue, New York City, from 6:30 to 8 P.M. The rooms are located on the third floor of the Parish House, adjoining the Church.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

In conjunction with all other churches throughout Canada, we held Rally Day Services at our church on September 26th, with Messrs. Silas Baskerville, Frank E. Harris, W. R. Watt and John T. Shilton alternating on the platform, and all spoke very encouragingly and urged all to attend our services with more stamina and reverence. Mrs. Harry Mason pleasingly rendered the opening hymn, pointing out where all who rally to His ever victorious banner will find themselves "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." The closing hymn was given by Miss Beulah Wilson.

The members of our Kicuwa Club were to have opened their fall and winter campaign on September 27th, but the weatherman held the upper hand that evening with the heaviest deluge of rain we have had this year. Only five members were able to brave the drenching torrents, and as a quorum was lacking the opening meeting was postponed.

On Sunday, September 26th, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Pinder, accompanied by the Misses Edna and Gwendoline Egginton and Mrs. Daisy Rooney, motored up to Hamilton to see Mrs. William Cameron at the Mountain Sanatorium, who was so delighted to see her Toronto friends once more. Mrs. Cameron is in good spirits. The visitors also met and had a brief chat with Mr. Andrew S. Waggoner, who is on the staff of this hospital as outside gardener. They also called on Mrs. Waggoner down in the city and had tea at the parental home of Mr. Jesse Batstone, ere they returned here.

Mrs. Edward C. McIntyre died in this city on September 24th, in her sixtieth year. She was a hearing sister of the late Mrs. Philip Fraser and an aunt of Mrs. John T. Shilton. She was also an aunt of Mrs. Norman Gleadow, of Hamilton.

On August 1, 1912, Mr. John T. Shilton and Miss Isabel Fraser, both of this city, heartened unto Cupid's pleadings and became united for life. On the first of August, they had attained the twentieth, or china milestone in their matrimonial journey. Of course, at that time, Mrs. Shilton and family were summering at Wasaga Beach and so their legion of friends had no chance to make the event worth while, but the plans intended for that date, they gave up not, but merely allowed it to repose in the quiet until September 28th last, when seeing a glorious chance to land the unsuspecting couple on ice, struck at the opportune time, and behold, what a bewildered pair they were. Mr. Shilton was trapped in his "farm suit," while his smiling spouse was in "oh! what," you better pass on the word to your next neighbor. So completely were they set back that Jack found a temporary solace by retiring with more haste than grace and dignity to the cooling spaces of the back porch. Finally, however, both were obliged to face the "music" and took, as Sir Gilbert Parker puts it, "In the seats of the Mighty," at least for the time being. Then came their task of unfolding the parcels, inside of which was the love and goodwill of the assembled throng as well as many unable to come. In time there came to light a beautiful solid silver sugar bowl and milk pitcher with the good wishes of their Toronto admirers, then later came out an ornamental pitcher, so beautiful, exquisite and of purest China. A most befitting gift for the occasion, for such was the Shilton's China Wedding anniversary—but, oh! who was it from? It came from a humble home in Hamilton, from a couple who, despite clouds of sorrow, sickness and oppression, found time and means to send their tokens of love and good will to a cherished "Brother" and "Sister" two-score and ten miles away on this memorable evening, and this lovely and costly love token came from no other than Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stewart Waggoner, and when such kind donors were made known, all hearts throbbled with the emotion and thought of the great pulsating impulse which had come from above in bringing about such brotherly love.

These three adoring gifts were the cynosure of all eyes afterwards, and Mrs. Shilton used them at the refreshment table at the close of a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Watt were warmly thanked for getting up such a treat, and both Mr. and Mrs. Shilton could not find words sufficiently strong to express their great and heartfelt gratitude towards all for such thoughtful remembrances.

The gathering broke up shortly after midnight.

KITCHENER KNOCKS

Messrs. Gordon Meyer and Sol. Sheff motored up to Waldemar on September 25th and spent the day with Mr. John Boyle.

After conducting the service here on September 25th, Mr. Charles A. Elliott called on Mrs. William Hagen at Freeport, while on his way back to St. Williams.

After visiting friends in Milverton for a few days, Mrs. Newton Black has returned to her home here, looking the picture of good health, but her

little dog, which accompanied her, had hardly got back when he ate and ate until he could eat no more, then looked up with a wagging tail, as if to say, "Nobody can cook like my mistress." Such is the loyalty and fidelity of a dog.

After the Elliott service on September 25th, Chairman Allan Nahrgang announced that Mr. Norman Gleadow, of Hamilton, would be our next outside speaker, and would be here on October 20th, and not on the 27th, as scheduled. We advise all to come in and greet this fine speaker on the 20th.

Miss Irene Chambers, a nurse in training at the K. & W. General Hospital, and sister of our Pearl Chambers, of Rockwood, who often calls to see your correspondent, says that Pearl is showing a marked improvement in her health, and we hope she continues on the right road.

Miss Jessie Marshall, of Arthur, was up to attend the Elliott meeting on September 25th, and afterwards took tea with Mrs. Lucille B. Moynihan.

As Mr. Allan Nahrgang is still "on the fence" as far as work at the Goodrich Tire Company is concerned, he has gone to spend the interval in the country with relatives. He had his little daughter, Doris, with him at the Elliott meeting, and what a beautiful little rosebud is she, looking so much like her dear aunt, Mrs. George Elliott, of Long Branch.

A short time ago, Messrs. Solly Sheff and Gordon Meyer went for a long motor trip up Muskoka way. On September 22d, Mrs. Lucille B. Moynihan and Mrs. Charles Golds, Sr., went down to Freeport to see Mrs. William Hagen, and were surprised to find her looking so well and cheerful. A change of diet seems to have done her a world of good. Mrs. Hagen busies herself knitting beautiful articles for her children and husband such as sweaters, capes and mittens.

Mr. Charles A. Elliott came up from St. Williams, where he has been staying for some weeks past, and gave an excellent address at our service on September 25th, before a good-sized crowd. Besides those already mentioned we noticed Mrs. Oliver Nahrgang, and Mrs. William Cannard, of Haysville, Dorothy Underwood, of Petersburg, Mr. and Mrs. Isaiah Nahrgang, of Speedville, and others.

At this meeting Mrs. Lucille B. Moynihan recited very pleasingly the hymn, "Come to Me, Saith Jesus." The mother of Mrs. Ida C. Robertson, of Preston, is recovering from an operation, which she underwent at the Galt General Hospital recently. We trust she will make steady progress towards recovery.

Mrs. Lucille B. Moynihan very pleasantly entertained a nice bunch of her close friends to a card party in her cosy apartment on September 28th. Among her guests were Mr. Bullas, who is deaf, his son, Miss Hoffman, Mr. and Mrs. Boos, and others.

LONDON LEAVES

Here are some further echoes of the big Springbank picnic held on Labor Day.

Mr. Walter Bell, of Oshawa, who came up to address our Sunday service found it necessary to leave here shortly after dinner on Labor Day, in order to commence his duties in the Oshawa Daily Reformer office before midnight that evening. He left the park in good time that day amid the well wishes of his friends, but he had hardly got on the bus at the London depot when the conveyance broke down, and he as well as the other passengers had to wait for the 5:30 p.m. bus—the same bus that had the back piazza reserved for the bunch who came up on Sunday, including Mr. Bell, himself. In a somewhat sorrowful plight, Mr. Bell strolled about the city until 5:30, and was more than pleased to return with the same bunch in their reserved portion of the bus. He might as well have remained at the park until this time.

On its way up, via the Dundas Highway, the chartered bus, that was run on Monday morning, in charge of Mr. John T. Shilton, made a stop at Clappison's Corners to pick up Mrs. A. S. Waggoner, Mr. John Richardson and others, who had come in from Hamilton. Their London friends were informed of their coming by the advance Toronto guard, and when the chartered bus pulled into the park, there was a scramble to extend a warm welcome to the Hamilton visitors.

Although there were some absentees, whom we were hoping to meet, there were many other old friends there to make ends meet and whom we were equally pleased to meet. To many of these newcomers this was the first glimpse they ever had of London and beautiful Springbank Park. Most of them afterwards remarked, "We'll come again."

Many on the grounds expressed much surprise, occasioned with little regret, that Mr. George R. Munro, of St. Thomas, was not selected to umpire the ball games behind the bat. There maybe some well qualified umpires, but it is doubtful if any can excel Gordie's impartiality in such matters.

It was a great pleasure for many to meet Miss Grace Watts, of Thedford, and Mr. Walter Wagster, of Stratford, after many years' absence. Most of them thought Miss Watts had not changed much since she was at the Belleville school years ago.

On the way up from Toronto on the Sunday morning bus, the deaf had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of a hearing gentleman, by name of Mr. Clifford Sutherland. He had just returned from a trip to Bonnie Scotland, and was making calls on friends in Ontario, prior to leaving for his home at Alberta. For a while he kept watching the deaf conversing in their own way, then began to converse with your reporter on his own observations and opinions: "You people seem to have a happier expression on your faces than those people who can both hear and speak. How is that?" was his first logical question, "O Mr. Sutherland, the happy expressions they exude is the answer," replied your scribe, "You people seem to have a very fine system, so much quicker, so much plainer and so better understood than have we hearing people," he scribbled out again. "I think it is simply wonderful, in fact, marvelous," he went on, "Don't you think the sign-language is a great benefit to the deaf?" the reporter asked of him. "Oh! my," replied he, "I cannot see or think of anything else that can outdo your means of conversation and it has struck me so implicitly that I think you people are most fortunate in having such a smooth and quickly expressed language as you are using now," Mr. Sutherland seriously replied.

HAMILTON HAPPENINGS

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Perry are now living on Gladstone Avenue, an up-to-date street just off Main Street, near Wentworth. Their grown up son, Lorne, lives with them while their other child, a daughter, works out. Fred has been working for the Hamilton Paper Manufacturing Co. for the past eighteen years.

Mrs. Walter Gillam, of Stoney Creek, and Mr. Robert Peel, of Winona, were among the outsiders who came in to attend the Roberts meeting on September 25th.

Mrs. Norman Gleadow found she was unable to get away and attend the funeral of her aunt, Mrs. Edward C. McIntyre, in Toronto on September 26th, much to her regret. Mrs. McIntyre was well-known to many of the deaf.

Bear in mind and come to Mr. John T. Shilton's service at the Centenary Church on October 23d. He is sure to give you a rare Biblical treat.

On Sunday September 25th, Mr. H. W. Roberts, of Toronto, gave a very fine sermon at Ontario Mission meeting in Centenary Church. It was very much enjoyed by all present. Mr. Roberts stressed the great importance of Power, Wisdom and Love, in our journey along life's way. We were sorry his stay with us was all too short. No sooner had Mr. Roberts left for the C.N.R. station to catch his train, than two carloads of friends dropped in at the Gleadow's from Toronto. They were the guests of Mr. Jess Batstone for the day. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed close up till ten o'clock, when they left for the return trip to Toronto.

As Mr. Arthur Jaffray was scheduled to preach in Brantford on the 18th of September, he came along in company with some Toronto friends and when passing through Hamilton the jolly carload stopped off for a couple of hours rest and had dinner with Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gleadow. They then proceeded on to Brantford and on their way home again stopped here for the evening with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Breen.

Mrs. Howard Breen had the pleasure of a visit from her sister of Toronto for a few days recently.

Another visitor to our city was Mrs. Stephens and her two very attractive little daughters from Windsor. She was the guest of her sister, Mrs. A. R. Quick.

There were several very pleasant outings held during the holidays when all the young people were home from the O. S. D., but the jolliest of these, perhaps, was the trip by truck to Port Dover and back. Arrangements were made for all to meet at a certain time and place, and lunch baskets, fishing tackle, and cameras galore went along too. Those of the party who were most ardent anglers spent most of their time on the pier, but sorry to say the wind and the weather were against them for "nary a nibble" had they.

The tables were set along about supper time and every one enjoyed their refreshments and the good wholesome fun that went along with it.

During the afternoon and evening all had ample time to take in the sights of this popular summer resort and all agreed it was a delightful spot for a holiday. The homeward journey started around nine, when the twenty-eight again climbed into their seats, having heartily enjoyed the outing, and we have hopes of more side trips next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Forrester, of Toronto, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gleadow at the time and took in this pleasant outing.

Mr. and Mrs. Royal and Mrs. Matthews entertained a few friends at their home the other evening in honor of Mr. James Matthews, before he left to resume his studies at the O. S. D. A very enjoyable time was spent and every one was impressed by the cordial reception and friendly manner of Mr. and Mrs. Royal and Mrs. Matthews with their guests. Miss Thelma Harrison and Mr. Jack Harrison were the lucky winners of

prizes for the best and most correct answers during the entertainment.

The Ladies' Sewing Club met one evening recently and got busy making plans for the coming winter. They will commence sewing again about the middle of October, at the home of Mrs. A. R. Quick.

Mr. Walter Gorman, who has been ill in St. Joseph's Hospital here nearly all summer, has almost recovered and said he expected soon to be able to return to his home in Detroit, so we persevere by this time he has gone back quite well again.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Our good friends, Miss Gertrude Holt, of Ottawa, returned home the other day, after spending two weeks of her three weeks annual leave down in Lachine and Montreal with her married brother and friends. She was constantly out motoring with her brother all over the country side in Quebec, visiting such places as St. John's, Chamblay, St. Hubert, and reports a wonderful time. She is now figuring out where to spend the remaining week.

Mr. Harold Hall, of Perth, speaks very highly of the JOURNAL and says it brings him lots of surprising news of his many friends everywhere. It is now four years since he was last in Toronto, where he has many friends.

Miss Madeline Elliott, of Botto, was at the Palgrave meet on September 18th, which was conducted by Mr. John T. Shilton, of Toronto, who, along with Mr. Henry White, in the latter's car, called for her.

On September 25th, Mr. David Dark, of London, motored up to Wyoming and took the William Wark family off their feet in surprise, yet they were pleased to meet him and invited him to dinner. Afterwards he and the Warks motored up to Sarnia and attended the services. There were seventeen at this meeting.

Reginald Thomas Garner, 39 years old, deaf globe-trotter, is in St. Joseph's Hospital at Sudbury with a fractured skull, sustained when he was struck by a Canadian National Railway freight train while walking from Sudbury to Sudbury Junction on September 24th. When the engine blew the whistle, Garner stepped off the track without looking back, according to the train crew, and it is believed that he was not conscious of the oncoming train and was merely seeking better footing. He stepped directly in front of the engine when it had come within a few feet of him.

Garner, an Englishman, has hiked through England, most of the Continent and parts of the United States and Canada. He came to Canada in 1929, and some weeks ago left Montreal with another deaf-mute, Georges Serre Dit St. Jean, intending to hike to Vancouver.

A couple of years ago, Mr. Garner had been holding down a very lucrative position in Montreal, but when the present trying depression set in, he was laid off. He made two trips to Toronto and Hamilton in quest of work, but failed to land a job. Late this summer he decided to strike for Vancouver by any means he could employ and had got as far as Sudbury, where he remained a week vainly searching for work, and was then leaving on his westward trek when he met with this unfortunate accident.

We feel very sorry for him when we consider how far away he is from his father and relatives in London, England, but hope he will recover.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

H. Von Pollnitz Dies

"There is but one step between me and death." That was the truth vividly flashed to the deaf in the sudden and premature death on October 2d of Harry von Pollnitz. He had been in good health. He was robust and of a ruddy complexion. He looked the picture of health. Seemingly he had no worries. He enjoyed life. He was a good fellow to his friends and acquaintances, sharing their pleasures and their griefs.

On Sunday morning at 10 o'clock he felt a slight indisposition. Between 10 and 11 o'clock he went to the bath room. He fainted, and was carried to bed. Before medical aid arrived he was a corpse. How uncertain is life! Lord teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts to wisdom.

H. von Pollnitz came into deaf circles as an adult. At the age of sixteen he had attack of spinal meningitis, which left him deaf. For two years he attended the oral school for the deaf on 23d Street, and then entered upon his life work as an electrolytizer. For fourteen years he worked at this trade, and did his work to the satisfaction of his employer. He was steadily engaged in this work with the same firm till about one year ago.

He married Edna, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Merkel, about ten years ago. He was generous and sympathetic to a worthy appeal. In time of distress he with his wife visited a stricken family with a box of groceries and brought cheer to that deaf home. He was a member of the Guild of the Lutheran Mission for the Deaf. And among the many floral offerings was a token from them.

Funeral services were held at the home on Tuesday, and on Wednesday his lifeless body was committed to the grave in Evergreen Cemetery.

The Rev. Arthur Boll of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf officiated, and addressed a large number of relatives and friends orally and then to a large number of deaf on the Bible passage: "It is appointed unto men once to die, and after this the judgment." May we have the merits and perfect obedience of the Saviour of mankind to plead for us in the final judgment. And may we be able to testify to our acceptance and faith in him by a life abounding in good works and deeds.

To the bereaved widow and relatives we extend our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to his Fatherly guidance. May He comfort them in their grief.

A. B.

FANWOOD

Principal Skyberg and the advanced grades teachers met in Dr. Fox's office Monday afternoon, the 3d, and the principal announced his plan of starting a semi-monthly paper of news and compositions of the pupils. It is to be known as the "Fanwood Journal." The first issue will be off the press October 15th. The subscription price is fifty cents a year. Those who wish to subscribe to the "Fanwood Journal" will please address their subscriptions to: The Editor, The Fanwood Journal, Institution for the Deaf, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City.

The Fanwood Journal is supplementary to the old publication of the Institution, the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL has become the national newspaper for the deaf and will be continued under the able editorship of Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson. The Fanwood column of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will be merged with the school items of the new Fanwood Journal.

The cadet battalion and band lined up on the parade ground on the morning of Friday the 7th, and Colonel Skyberg, accompanied by Major Van Tassel and Captain Altenderfer, announced and commissioned new officers for the battalion. The new officers are as follows:—

Company "A"—Cadet First Lieutenant Vladimir Mazur, commander; Cadet Sandy Tedesco, First Sergeant; Cadet Oscar Norflus, Sergeant; and Cadet Michael Cairano, Corporal.

Company "B"—Cadet Lieutenant George Herbst, commander; Cadet Thomas Kolenda, First Sergeant; Cadet Leon Auerbach, Sergeant; and Cadet William Abbott, Corporal.

The Band—Cadet Albert Capocci, Lieutenant and Band Leader; Cadet Louis Fucci, Sergeant and Assistant Band Leader; Cadet Louis Balkoski, Sergeant; Cadet Alexander Spiak, Corporal; Cadet Angelo Demico, Corporal and Acting Drum Major; Cadet Louis Johnson, Corporal; and Cadet Vernon Safford, Lance Corporal.

Cadet Vincent Sherman was commissioned Lieutenant Adjutant, and Cadets Walter Shafran and Louis Pacifico, Color Sergeants.

The annual competition for the honor of carrying the colors for the ensuing year will be held on November 18th.

The Fanwood Literary Association held its business meeting on Friday afternoon, the 7th. Election of officers was the chief business transacted. The following ticket was elected.

COUNSELOR

Victor O. Skyberg, M.A.

FOR PRESIDENT

Thomas Francis Fox, M.A., Litt D.

FOR FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

Vladimir Mazur

FOR SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT

Louis Johnson

FOR SECRETARY

Bertha Marshall

FOR TREASURER

Alice E. Judge

FOR DIRECTORS

Amelia E. Berry

Edward S. Burdick

Fayetta P. Fox

Edmiston W. Iles, M.A.

Alice M. Teegarden, M.A.

Cecelia Otis

Grace E. Peck

The senior basketball season was inaugurated on Thursday afternoon, the 6th, with the "Mickey" team furnishing the opposition for Captain Louis Fucci's quintet. Colonel Skyberg was present, and honored us by tossing up the first ball.

This was the first game of the season, but the boys soon warmed up, and from appearances, it was a mid-season contest. After see-sawing awhile, the Mickies managed to stick to the lead and came through with flying colors, the score being 33 to 28 in their favor. Sandy Tedesco made 23 points for the Mickies, but the hard luck of Fucci cannot be overlooked. He made 15 points, but for a losing cause.

The next day, Louis "Chuck" Balkoski and Louis "Lefty" Pacifico were captains of the opposing quintets. This game was a hair-raiser, as the 16 to 17 score will indicate. Captain

Balkoski and Capocci aided their team by making 13 points between them. Johnny Black and Walter Shafran were the outstanding point scorers of the "Lefty" team, but could get only 11 points. Pacifico and Johnson accounted for the other five markers.

The boys of the Fanwood Athletic Association were honored by Principal Skyberg on the 4th, when in his capacity as Counselor, he greeted the members assembled in the study hall and gave them a speech of advice and encouragement concerning the tournament which opened two days later. The members of the association appreciate our principal's interest in them, and his words will lend encouragement to them when it is needed.

The complete record of the cadets as scored under the Merit System, shows the following boys to have the best records for the past year:—

Cadet	M.	D.	Total Demerits
V. Mazur	3	3	0
A. Michels	5	7	3
L. Johnson	7	9	2
V. Sherman	9	11	3
E. Solis	2	5	3
B. Bergen	4	7	3
O. Norflus	2	6	4
G. Herbst	8	12	4

Abraham Eckstein, Leon Auerbach, Walter Shafran, Philip Bodler and Oscar Norflus, visited the Lexington Avenue School on October 1st. Cadet Sergeant Shafran's sister is a teacher at the 67th Street Institution, and she treated Walter to a delicious luncheon.

Harry Hiron has been discharged from the infirmary, after being confined there the past four days, with a swollen foot.

Vernon Safford is considered lucky by his pals. While riding his bike on a street in Mt. Vernon, his home town, he espied a wrist watch lying on the pavement. Elated, he hastened home, to find that his mother had a fine Sheaffer pen of the latest style for him. Personally, your reporter agrees with Vernon's pals concerning his luck.

Mr. E. A. Hodgson, in his daughter, Florence's car, with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Renner and son, Bobbie, as guests, made a trip to Scarsdale last Sunday to call on Emeritus-Principal Gardner, but unfortunately they were out. However, the day was an ideal one and they enjoyed the trip to the beautiful Westchester suburb.

Misses Fullington, Renard, Hales, and Mrs. Boree, from the Mt. Airy school, were visitors here on Wednesday, the 5th.

L. J.

The Capital City

Another Ladies' Night Social under the auspices of Washington Division, No. 46, has passed into history. On the evening of October 8th, over eighty people witnessed the vaudeville program given by Messrs. Alley, chairman; Harmon, Ferguson and Werdig.

The following program was given:—

"The Flipper's Trial"
Presentation of Bouquet to Miss Aux Frats.
Shadowgraphs with the following acts:

The Blind man.
The Pickpocket.
Romeo and Juliet.
The Feast and following operation.
"Hallowe'en."

After the show which finished up around eleven o'clock punch and cookies were served to all.

Mrs. John Burton Hotchkiss died the middle of September in Long Island, N. Y. Her body was brought to Washington and after funeral services in Gawless Funeral Chapel, she was buried in Rock Creek Cemetery alongside of her husband, John Burton Hotchkiss, who was for so many years connected with Gallaudet College.

Mrs. Roy Stewart has come back to Washington, after several months' visit out west during her summer vacation. She made numerous stops on her way, both going and coming at various acquaintances' homes. She also visited the following four State schools for the deaf—Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota and Minnesota. Seemingly the west agrees with her to the tune of ten additional avoirdupois.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Cicchino and John Craven drove to Chicago in John's car during Labor Day holiday and remained there for a week. As Mrs. Cicchino was born in Chicago, it fell to her to show John the sights of that big western city and John, of course, was properly impressed with the immensity of the city. It took them 19 hours to go and 23 hours to come back.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hauser took an excursion train to give their folks in North Carolina a surprise during Labor Day holidays. They were glad they went, for the change benefited them, too.

The Sunbeam Circle of Calvary Baptist Church met at the home of Miss Esther Culverwell on September 27th. Business was in order and the meeting decided to have a supper and bazaar—date as yet undecided. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Mrs. Roy Stewart, president; Mrs. Duncan Smoak, vice-president; Miss E. Culverwell, secretary; Mrs. N. Duvall, treasurer; Mrs. C. Burton, custodian; Mrs. A. D. Bryant, advisor and counselor. Refreshments followed the ladies' arduous labors and all departed for home. The next meeting will be held on October 25th, at the home of Mrs. Duncan Smoak, 617 Lexington Place, N. E.

The Baptist Church will hold their monthly social on Tuesday, September 18th. Rev. and Mrs. A. D. Bryant will be in charge of arrangements.

Rev. A. O. Wilson, now in Texas, will be in the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sunday, October 16th.

Mr. C. C. Quinley has asked for leave of absence from the Government Printing office for two months. He plans to take an extended trip, visiting his relatives.

Mrs. W. W. Duvall was stricken with stomach trouble, the latter part of last week, and was taken to the hospital. An operation was thought to be necessary, but she pulled through. She is about now and all are glad to see her.

Mr. and Mrs. Syrotaik, of New Haven, Ct., have decided to see America First, so they decided on Washington as the object of their sightseeing. They picked out the right place and the right guide, they bringing Mr. Clarence Baldwin along in that capacity. They are all staying at the Werdivgs.

Rev. A. D. Bryant plans to be in Uniontown, Pa., and Mrs. Bryant and daughter, Mrs. Cranston, will be in Richmond, Va., on Sunday, October 16th. Rev. Bryant to visit the historical places and the others just for a change.

Washington Division, No. 46, annual supper will be in charge of Mr. Albert J. Rose on Saturday, November 12th. More details later.

The Ladies' Card Club met at the home of Mrs. S. B. Alley on Thursday, September 22d. Officers for the coming year are Mrs. D. Smoak, president, and Mrs. Quinley, vice-president. Their next meeting was held on Thursday, October 6th, at Mrs. A. Parker's on Florida Avenue, N. E.

The Literary Society is to have their monthly meeting on Wednesday, October 19th.

The following program has been arranged by the sub-committee with Rev. H. L. Tracy as chairman, with Mrs. Roy Stewart and Mr. Ferguson. Reading, Mr. Albert J. Rose; debate: Hoover vs. Roosevelt, between Rev. A. D. Bryant and Mrs. H. L. Tracy; declamation, Mrs. C. Burton. All are invited to be present. If any one desires to join, the fee is only fifty cents per year. North East Masonic Temple, Eighth and F Street, N. E., Wednesday, October 19th, 8 p.m.

The St. Barnabas Mission held their social on Wednesday, October 13th. More of this social later.

The Ladies' Guild of St. Barnabas Mission held its initial meeting for this fall at the home of Mrs. Tracy, 3821 South Dakota Avenue, with almost a full attendance, on the evening of the 4th. Matters of interest to the members were thoroughly discussed and decided upon. Among other things it was decided to have the annual bazaar at St. Mark's Church on the evening of November the 9th. Besides useful gifts for Christmas, candy, sandwiches and coffee, will be sold, the proceeds being for undertakings the Guild proposes to carry on. The next meeting of the Guild will be held at the home of Mrs. Morton Galloway, on H Street, the first

CHICAGO

While Chicago Division No. 106 had elected the south side in which to locate their seventh annual ball and "500" bunco-bridge (1406 West 64th Street, October 15th), the Chicago League of Hebrew Deaf chose the very opposite direction and picked the Three Links Building Hall, 4740-4748 Northwestern Avenue, November 12th, 1932, for their eighth annual dance. Thus do the antipodes keep an even balance. The latter club will include a special attraction—a contest for the best dancing couples, to whom will be given special prizes. The admission is thirty-five cents from members; fifty cents at the door.

After four years' occupancy of the basement of the two-flat building, Peter J. Livshis moved his shop to a regular store-front shop at 3811 W. Harrison Street, the area being over 800 square feet, as compared with the 171 square feet formerly occupied. He felt very much like an owl blinking in the broad daylight. He found the change of quarters productive of trade from the street—in fact, it is steadily increasing to such an extent that he is figuring on increasing his pressing equipment. Besides, he is handling a local newspaper, a bi-weekly, entitled "Kenwood-Hyde Park Guide," at first a four page, now a six page newspaper. His address is somewhat strategic, being on or near the intersecting lines of Harrison, Crawford and Fifth Avenue, to say nothing of Independence Boulevard.

Frederick Wirt is busy on his annual work for Christmas cards along creative lines. He makes designs and cut his own linoleum blocks to order, showing all the earmarks of originality. Last year's net results encouraged him to continue this work of originating. Whoever prefers to have his own personalized, "different" Christmas cards made, would find this creator receptive of his ideas or needs.

Rev. Rutherford went on a preaching tour to Elgin, Ill., Sunday, October 2d, and Rev. Hasenstab, to Jacksonville, Ill., Tuesday, October 4th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Martin, with their son, made a trip to Maryland and Virginia by auto, for one week's visit with their folks.

Mr. and Mrs. Billie Horn and Earl Peter returned home to Kansas after one month's visit with Mrs. Horn's folks.

STATE SCHOOL TIES WITH ROCKFORD TEAM

The State school and St. Thomas School of Rockford opened the football season for the State school Saturday, when they battled to a scoreless tie. The locals had the better of the argument, as they threatened to score three times. St. Thomas failed to get within 25 yards of State's goal. Good punting by Panella kept the enemy within their own territory most of the time. Long runs by Panella and Hoffman featured the game.

Haegle made many gains for the Tommies, but could not gain consistently enough to keep the ball in their possession long.

Einberger played a fine defensive game, nailing the runner's time and again behind the line.

Last season the deaf school held St. Thomas to a 6 to 6 tie, and arrangements are under way whereby a third and deciding game will be played in Rockford on October 28th or 29th, and will probably be a night game.

The State school meets Woodstock this afternoon at the Springs, the game starting promptly at 3 o'clock.

THIRD FLAT.

3348 W. Harrison St.

The Origin of a Nursery Rhyme

Scholars are always finding out that the most nonsensical nursery rhymes have a respectable ancestry and were in their infancy symbolic to the popular mind of some striking happenings in politics, warfare or social progress. Here is a man writing to the *London Times* about a similar meaning in one of the most familiar of such rhymes. Our readers will be interested if not convinced by what he says.

I was taught in my youth, he says, some sixty years ago, that "Sing a song for sixpence" arose as an occult jubilation over the first printing of the complete English Bible in the year 1535. The "four-and-twenty blackbirds" stood for the alphabet. They were "baked in pie" when set up by the printer in "pica" form. The "opening" of the "pie" was the publication of the volume, which, by its dedication in the preface to Henry VIII, "was set before the King."

Pacific Northwest Services

Rev. Olof Hanson, Missionary, Seattle, first and third Sunday, 11 A.M., Thomsen Chapel of St. Mark's Cathedral, 10th Avenue and E. Galer Street. Vancouver, October 23d, 2 P.M., St. Luke's Parish House. Portland, October 23d, 4:30 P.M., St. Stephen's Cathedral.

Are you longing for a good home? Good meals and nice airy rooms, \$10 a week room and board, with a refined deaf lady, near subway.—Mrs. Brown, 356 Eighty-eighth St., Bay Ridge. (Get off at 86th St. Station, Fourth Ave. Line.) 38-3t

SEATTLE

At the meeting of the new Frat Auxiliary last night, following the regular business meeting, Mrs. Austin and Mr. Scanlon were in charge. Bridge was played, and ice-cream and cake served. The cake had been made by Mr. Scanlon's mother. Prizes were won by Miss Doris Nation and Mr. Overbye.

Mrs. Margaret Harrison, of Washington, D. C., and Mrs. Thierman, of Portland, were visitors at the auxiliary party. The former came all the way to the Pacific Coast to visit her sister, and was brought to Seattle for a couple of days by Mrs. Thierman, who has a sister here. Both these ladies are graduates of the Colorado school, where they were schoolmates of Mrs. W. E. Brown, and the three grew up together. Of course, Mr. Brown was happy to see them here, and planned to entertain them the whole of Sunday—her one spare day. It was our first meeting with Mrs. Harrison, and we were all pleasantly impressed. She is planning to return very shortly to her eastern home.

Another visitor present at the party was Mr. Charles H. Wiemuth, of Brooklyn, N. Y. He is a printer by trade, and took advantage of the depression to do some traveling. He was at the Dixie convention in Florida, which was held the latter part of July, and then went through the south to Los Angeles, where he stayed a month and a half, witnessing the Olympic Games, and meeting friends he knew in the east. He then went to Hawaii, and is in Seattle a couple of days en route back to Brooklyn. He leaves early tomorrow morning for Vancouver, B. C. We had the pleasure of seeing him at the service at St. Mark's this morning, and brought him home to lunch with us. In the afternoon we went to see some of the city sights, taking with us in the car, besides Mr. Wiemuth, Mr. and Mrs. Bradbury and Miss Doris Nation. We went across the new Aurora Bridge, and then went to the government locks, which so interested Mr. Wiemuth that we stayed all the remainder of the afternoon watching the passing through the locks of numberless boats. We regretted that Mr. Wiemuth's stay in Seattle was so short.

Mrs. Thomas Gorman has moved to South Seattle to be near a brother. Mr. and Mrs. John Conley and little Ann are now nicely situated in an apartment in Lewiston, Idaho, where Margaret can exercise her fine talents as a housekeeper.

Mr. Frank Rolph is back for the winter from his summer in Alaska as cook at a fish cannery. Mrs. Sophia Brinkman arranged a pleasant little surprise party on Mrs. Pauline Gustin, Saturday evening, September 17th. There were three tables of bridge, and later a nice little supper was served. Speeches were next in order, and in the course of them it was discovered that Mr. John Adams was the oldest deaf pioneer now alive in the city, having lived here for forty-seven years. Prizes at bridge were won by Mrs. Hanson and Mr. Riley. Mrs. Gustin received some pretty and useful gifts, and was really surprised by the advent of her friends.

Mr. George Riley had two weeks' sick leave following a small operation on his nose, and was in town a couple of days before going on for a visit to Portland.

Miss Diane Ingraham was the guest of Mrs. Alice Fowler for several days, coming here from Portland, where she had been visiting an aunt. She is looking well, and as charming as when she lived in Seattle for a year. She left here to return to her home in Spokane.

A post card from Abe Kruget, Galaudet, '33, tells us that he arrived back in College on September 19th, after hitch-hiking to Los Angeles and back. He covered more than 12,500 miles at a cost to himself of thirty-three dollars.

A card from Miss Mae Strandberg, who now has work in Portland, says that she likes that city, and is kept busy there in one of the stores.

Mrs. Emily Eaton, accompanied by Mrs. Pauline Gustin, recently spent nearly a week with Mrs. Wetherby in Tacoma.

Mrs. Etta McCarthy, who is a nurse in the State hospital at Sedro Woolley, spent her vacation of two weeks with her sister, Miss Sophia Mullin, at the latter's cute little apartment.

Last week Mrs. Victoria Smith went with some neighbors to spend a day at the big Puyallup fair. The next day the Hansons and Helen went. There were many exciting races, and other riding stunts enjoyed by large crowds. The exhibits this year were up to the usual high standard of the Puyallup fair.

Mrs. Hanson entertained Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Gustin and Mrs. Bertram, at an oyster luncheon September 30th. These ladies made up the committee in charge of the Labor Day picnic lunch.

Alice and Homer had a perfect ten days in the lovely little town of Halstatt, in Austria. The town dates back to the Romans and was altogether quaint and charming. Best of all to our young travelers was climbing the nearby mountains, and especially the Dachstein. They went 8,000 up the first day to a shelter hut, and the second day went with a guide across the glacier to the summit, which was a rock sticking-out of the glacier. It took an hour of difficult climbing with

ropes to reach the extreme top. From there they had a perfect view of the Austrian Alps in every direction. In the distance were the snow-capped peaks of Venedig and Gross Glockner, each some 11,000 or 12,000 feet high, and in the valleys were lakes and trees, tiny villages and green farm fields. Alice and Homer started from the shelter hut at 5 A. M., and were on the summit two hours later. After spending an hour watching the view they climbed down to the hut again, where they lunched before starting down to Halstatt. After leaving this little town they spent a short time at Salzburg and Innsbruck. In the latter town lovely mountains rise right up from the streets. They then went to Zurich and Lausanne, the latter on beautiful Lake Geneva. They also made short stops at Berne and Interlaken, where they had a close view of the Jungfrau. Dijon, where they spent a night was an interesting example of a provincial French city not spoiled by tourists. The streets were quaint and narrow, and there was an old cathedral and a castle of considerable pretension.

Paris was far beyond the expectations of our young couple. It is alive and throbbing with people, traffic, beautiful shops, cafes filled to overflowing, and an infectious atmosphere of activity. Alice and Homer spent many hours in the Louvre, and went to the opera at the largest opera house in the world. It has many wide corridors and magnificent promenades. They also visited the Arc de Triomphe, walked through formal and strikingly beautiful gardens of the Tuileries and of Luxembourg. The shops are fine and full of attractions. A Paris menu was a striking contrast to an Austrian one, there being a much greater abundance of fruits and vegetables. The French do understand the delicate art of cookery, though they are not nearly so clean in their handling of food as the Germans.

Alice sailed for America on the North German Lloyd S. S. Von Steuben, and reached New York on September 25th. She is now back at the University of Chicago, where she will study for the year. Homer, however, who has to prepare himself in French as well as in German, had his scholarship at Chicago changed to a traveling scholarship. He has enrolled for two months of French and is staying at the American Foundation of the Cite Universite in Paris, and studying French at the Alliance Francaise. Alice already has passed in French, having studied it in Seattle. When Homer has completed his allotted time at his French classes he will re-join Alice at Chicago.

THE HANSONS.

October 2, 1932.

New Guaranteed Monthly Income For Life...

Plan to Retire at Age 55, 60 or 65

Absolutely safe investment. No higher rate to the deaf. Free medical examination. Offered by the two OLDEST Companies in America NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL MUTUAL LIFE OF N. Y.

PLAY SAFE mail this coupon now MARCUS L. KENNER, Agent 114 West 27th Street, New York Please send me full information.

I was born on _____ Name _____ Address _____

Samuel Frankenheim

INVESTMENT SECURITIES

168 West 86th Street -

New York

Vaudeville Entertainment

Featuring SYLVIA POLLOCK

The only deaf R. K. O. Star Dancer Also Playlets and Songs by our Amateur Thespians

Auspices of The Men's Club of St. Ann's Church

In the Guild Hall of St. Ann's 511 West 148th Street

Saturday, Nov. 19, 1932 at 8:15 in the evening

Admission, 35 Cents (Proceeds go to the Relief Fund of St. Ann's Church)

HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Auspices

Deaf-Mutes' Union League

143 West 125th Street, New York City.

Saturday, Oct. 29, 1932

at 8 P.M.

MUSIC DANCING

Cash Prizes for Games

Admission, 35 Cents

Thanksgiving Dance.....Wed., Nov. 23d

Bigger and Better CHRISTMAS CARNIVAL

Under auspices of

BRONX DIVISION, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

at

Ebling's Casino

156th St., and St. Ann's Ave., Bronx, N. Y. C.

Saturday Eve Dec. 17, 1932

Music and Dancing Entertainment

"Basket of Luck"—Gifts for Everyone Games, Etc.

Bring the kiddies to see Old Kris Kringle

Admission 50 Cents

N. Y. Local Committee N. A. D. CONVENTION

announces

MOVIES

at

H. A. D. Auditorium

210 West 91st Street

Wed. Eve., October 26th

8 P.M.

Admission - - - 25 Cents

Please Reserve

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 10th

(Particulars later)

REMEMBER OUR Bigger and Better HALLOWE'EN PARTY

in

St. Ann's Guild Hall

511 West 148th Street

New York City

Thursday, October 27th

Games Start at 8:30 P.M.

Admission, 35 Cents

Benefit Thanksgiving and Christmas Fund of St. Ann's Church

GAMES REFRESHMENTS PRIZES

BIGGER and BETTER than EVER

THIRTEENTH ANNUAL

BAL MASQUE

under the auspices of the

Silent Athletic Club

of Philadelphia

to be held at

Moose Hall

Broad and Master Streets

Saturday, Nov. 5, 1932

Admission - - - - - \$1.00

(Wardrobe included)

CASH PRIZES MUSIC

INCOME INSURANCE INVESTMENT

LIFE INCOMES

From \$10.00 to \$1,000.00

a month

Beginning at ages 50, 55, 60, 65

or

From \$1,000 to \$25,000 Cash

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.

Has Paid More Money To Policyholders Than Any Other Company

HARRY KURZ

Agent

Office: 233 Broadway, Suite 1060, N. Y. C.

Subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

Brooklyn Division No. 23

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

301 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

First Saturdays

Nicholas J. McDermott, Sec'y

954 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Entertainments

Oct. 22—Halloween. Ed. Baum

Nov. 19—Thanksgiving B. Friedwald

Dec. 17—Particulars later.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape.

Meets at Ebling's Casino—East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, first Fridays.

If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert T. Sumner, 3457 Kingsland Ave., Bronx, New York City.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Michael Ciavolino, 28-21 48th Street, Astoria, L. I.

W. A. D. (Westchester Association of the Deaf)

Owing to the closing of the W. A. D. for the summer, there will be no meetings till Fall.

THE WESTCHESTER DIVISION, No. 114, N. F. S. D., meets at 115 East 4th St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., on first Friday evening of each month during the summer.

Information regarding the above can be obtained from Secretary Fred C. Berger, 161 Crosby Place, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Queens Division, No. 115

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at the Jamaica, Y. M. C. A. Building, Parson's Boulevard and 90th Avenue, Jamaica, the first Saturday of each month. For information write to Secretary Harry A. Gillen, 525 DuBois Avenue, Valley Stream, L. I.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf

511 West 148th Street, New York City

Rev. GUILBERT C. BRADDOCK, Vicar

Church services each Sunday at 3 P.M. Holy Communion, first Sunday of each month at 11 A.M. and 3 P.M.

Office Hours:—Morning, 10 to 12. Afternoons, 2 to 4:30. Evenings, 8 to 10, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday only.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

Meets first Thursday of each month at the Church of the Messiah, 80 Greene Ave., cor. Clermont. Gates Ave. car stops at door.

SOCIALS AND ENTERTAINMENTS

October 29—Halloween Party. Miss Avis Allen

November 26—Free Social. Miss Williams

December 17—Christmas Festival. Mrs. WEISENSTEIN, Chairman

All Angels' Church for the Deaf (Episcopal)

1151 Leland Ave. Chicago, Illinois

(One block north of Wilson Ave. "L" station, and one-half block west.)

Rev. GEORGE F. FLICK, Priest-in-charge.

MA. FREDERICK W. SHITSKY AND MR. FREDERICK B. WIRT, Lay-Readers.

Church services, every Sunday at 11 A.M. Holy Communion, first and third Sundays of each month.

Social Supper, third Wednesday of each month, 6:30 P.M., with entertainment following at 8 P.M.

Get-together socials at 8 P.M., all other Wednesdays. (Use Racine Ave. entrance, around corner.)

ALL WELCOME

Minister's address, 6336 Kenwood Avenue.

Hebrew Assn. of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets Third Sunday afternoon of the month. Information can be had from Mrs. Tanya Nash, Executive Director, 210 West 91st Street, New York City; or Mrs. Anna Sturtz, Secretary, 962 Whitlock Avenue, N. Y.

Religious Services held every Friday evening, eighty-third. Classes every Wednesday evening. Socials and movies First and Third Sunday evenings.

Brooklyn Hebrew Society of the Deaf, Inc.

Meets second Sunday of each month except July and August, at the Hebrew Educational Society Building, Hopkinson and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Services and interesting speakers every Friday evening at 8:30 P.M., at the H. E. S. English Class, every Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday at 8 o'clock sharp, from September to May, at P. S. 150, Sackman and Sutter Avenues, Brooklyn.

Irving Blumenthal, President; Louis Cohen, Sec'y, 548 Powell Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Clerc Literary Association

Founded September 22, 1865

3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa

Object: Moral and intellectual advancement and social enjoyment of the members.

Every Thursday evening, at 8:15 o'clock the year round. Visitors and strangers are cordially welcome to visit the club rooms.

Charles Partington, President; George T. Sanders, Secretary, 3220 North Sixteenth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; Harry E. Stevens, Treasurer.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Joseph F. Mortiller, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 143 West 125th Street, New York City.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, Inc.

4802 Broadway

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Out-of-town visitors are welcome. Business meetings—First Saturdays.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions—Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays.

Room open Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 8 East Jefferson St., near Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Club room open every day. Regular meeting on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome.

FIFTH ANNUAL

MASQUERADE BALL

Under auspices of

NEW HAVEN DIVISION, No. 25

N. F. S. D.

Montewese Hall

210 MEADOW STREET, NEW HAVEN, CT.

Sat. Eve, November 12, 1932

At 7:30 P.M.

DANCING—EXCELLENT MUSIC Cash Prizes for Best Costumes

Tickets—Adults, 60 Cents

The Committee reserves all rights

Watch this space in issues of November 3d and November 10th, for important announcement.

Adv. Costume Ball

under auspices of

Manhattan Division, No. 87

N. F. S. D.

at

PARAMOUNT MANSION

601 WEST 183d STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Saturday, November 26, 1932

Beginning at Eight in the Evening

ADMISSION (Including Tax)

Gentlemen, \$1.00

Ladies, 55 Cents

ATTENTION! ATTENTION!

First Annual

BAL MASQUE

OF

Westchester Division, No. 114

N. F. S. D.

AT

HERMAX'S HALL

Corner First Street and Sixth Avenue

MT. VERNON, N. Y.

Saturday, November 12, 1932

At Eight O'clock, P.M.